How to Fumigate a Room.

The proper way to fumigate a room is to close the doors, windows, fireplace, etc., pasting strips of paper over all the cracks. Fumigation by burning sulphur is most easily accomplished. Two pounds of sulphur should be allowed for every room from ten to twelve feet square. It is better to divide it up and put it in several pans, rather than burn the entire quantity of sulphur used in one pan. To avoid the danger of fire, these pans should be set on bricks, or in other and larger pans filled with water or with sand. After pouring a little alcohol on the sulphur and properly placing the pans about the room, the furthest from the door of exit should be lighted first; the others in order. The operator will need to move quickly, for no one can breathe sulphurous flames with safety. After closing the door, the cracks around it should be pasted up, as was done within the room. Six hours at least is generally necessary to fumigate a room properly; at the end of that time it may be entered and the windows opened; and they should be left open as long as is convenient, even for a week if possible. After jumigation, a thorough process of cleansing should be instituted. least the walls and ceiling should be rubbed dry; much the better way is to whitewash and re-paper. The floor and the woodwork and the furniture should be scrubbed with a solution of

To Legally Give an Orange.

carbolic acid or some other disin-

fectant.

If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange"—which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology "an absolute con-veyance of all right and title therein" -the phrase would run thus: "I give you all and singular my estate and in-terest, right, title and claim, and ad-vantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, uice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantage there n, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise eat the same or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, otherwise eat the same orange or give the same away with or without its rind, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding.

Poor Kansas. There is danger of a rabbit plague in Kansas similar to that of Aus-

WE are not in condition to enjoy riches until we can be happy without

We Care Rupture. No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.15.

There are thirteen elements in the body-five gaseous and eight solid.

Many persons are broken down from over-work or household cares. Brown's Iron Bit-ters rebuilds the system, aids direction, re-moves excess of bile, and cures malaria. A aplendid tonic for women and children. It is the troubles of to-morrow that make

people heavy laden to-day.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A great many people are right in their hearts and wrong in their heads.

Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

The taste of pie does not depend upon the size or the shape of the piece.

Thinking will keep us from doing wrong.

Hood's Sarsa Cures



"I cordially recommed Hood's Sarsaparilla to all suffering with indigestion, impure blood, humors, loss of appetite, or run down, or out of order generally. It will surely help you if there is any help for you. I have found it a very great benefit for malaria, chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney complaint and carrb, even when I considered myself incurable." HENRY S. FOSTER, SCAT Orough, N. Y. N. B.—Be sure to get Hood's. Head's Pills act could get promptly and only Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effi-

MR HENRY S. FOSTER

"August Flower"

"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him pastrecovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Out.

& Wonderful Patch Plate

A new and scientific principle for mending Tin, Brass, Copper, Iron and Lead, without the use of acid or surdering Iron. One plate costing 15 cents will mend 100 ordinary leaks, which would cost to repair at any tissuith's iron 5 to 10 crats each. Price 15 cents, 2 for 25 cents. would cost to repair at any insurance casts each. Price 15 cents, 2 for 25 cents, Anyons can use it. Full directions with each plate. Address THE PATC 24 PLATE CO., 1614 Susquehann Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Garfield Tea Cures Sick Headache

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Thrashing Machine."

Text: "For the filches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cum min with a rod. Bread corn is bruised be-cause he will not ever be thrashing it."-Isaiah xxviii., 27, 28,

There are three kinds of seed mentionedfitches, cummin and corn. Of the last we all know. But if may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds like the carraway or the chickpea. When these grains or herbs were to be thrashed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff or rod or flail and beat them until the seed would be separated but when the corn was to be separated, but when the corn was to be thrashed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten horses or oxen to a cart with iron dented wheels. That cart would be drawn around the thrashing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of thrashing for different products. "The fitches are not thrashed with a thrashing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be thrashing it." The great thought that the text presses

upon our souls is that we all gothrough some kind of thrashing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Dr. Cantwell." Thomas Babinton Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babbletongue Macaulay." Norman McLeod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession and said, "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he should shine as the stars for-ever and ever." All the small wits of Lon-don had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism.

of Methodism.

If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen stroke of the tribulum. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Besides that there are the sicknesses, and the bankruptcies, and the irritations and the disagnoint ments. are the sicknesses, and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphies which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footstep of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are footprints showing where swift trouble alighted

Even amid the joys and hilarities of life Even amid the joys and hilarities of life trouble will sometimes break in. As when the pecple were assembled in the Charlestown theatre during the Revolutionary war and while they were witnessing a farce and the audience was in great gratulation the guns of an advancing army were heard and the audience broke up in wild panie and ran for their lives, so ofttimes while you are seated amid the joys and festivities of this world you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches, and the cummin,

world you hear the cannonade of some great disaster. All the fitches, and the cummin, and the corn must come down on the thrashing floor and be pounded.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin on the thrashing floor might look over to the corn on another thrashing floor and say: "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn.

corn on another thrashing floor and say:
"Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn.
We have only been a little pounded, but that
has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn,
if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do
you know the reason you have not been as
much pounded as I have? It is because you
are not so much worth as I am. If you were,
you would be as severely run over."

Yet there men who suppose they are the
Lord's favorites simply because their barns
are full, and their bank account is flush, and
there are no funerals in the house. It may be
because they are fitches and cummin, while
down at the end of the lane the poor widow
may be the Lord's corn. You are but little
pounded because you are but little worth,
and she bruised and ground because the is
the best part of the harvest.

The heft of the thrashing machine is ac-

The heft of the thrashing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been much thrashed in life, perhaps there is not much to thrash. If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps there is going to be a very sn there are plenty of blackberries the gatherers go out with large baskets, but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit then a quart measure will do as well. It took the a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the skinned ankles of the painful stocks, and the foundering of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his recognitions.

andrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development.

It was not because Robert Moffat and Lady Rachel Russell and Frederick Oberlin were worse than other people that they had to suffer; it was because they were better and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the thrashing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear, the staff for the fitches, the rod for the cummin, the iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say, "Oh, I can't bear it?" But you did bear it, God would not have sent it upon you if He did not know that you could bear it. You trembled, and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many, nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate.

tricate.
You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bludgeons flying haphazard. Oh, no; they are thrashing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger, or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that have gone down, or a swindle of your business partner, or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of business that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help. "Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me. I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn thrasher, but after it has been thrashed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion

thrasher, but after it has been thrashed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn thrashers.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose my troubles I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurts it does not get sanctified. Your trial perhaps may be childlessness. You are fond of children. You say "Why does God send children to that other household, where they are unwelcome and "Why does God send children to that other household, where they are unwelcome and are beaten and banged about, when I would have taken them in the arms of my affections?" You say, "Any other trial but this." Your trial perhaps may be a distigured countenance or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say, "Oh, I could endure anything if only I was good looking." And your trial perhaps

was good looking." And your trial perhaps is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever and anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the asthma. You say, "Oh, if it were rheumatism or neuralgia or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe." Your trouble is a husing thing to breathe." Your trouble is a husband, short, sharp, snappy and cross about the house and raising a small riot because a button is a large of the same and the same a small riot because a button is a large of the same a small riot because a small riot button is off! How could you know the but-

Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the Your trial is a wife ever in contest with the gervants and she is a sloven. Though she was very careful about her appearance in your presence once, now she is careless, because she said her fortune is made! Your trial is a hard school lesson you cannot learn, and you have bitten your finger nails until they are a sight to behold. Everybody has some vexation or annoyance or trial, and he or she thinks it is the one least adapted. "Anything but this," all say. "Anything but this," all say. "Anything has are you not assamed to be

"Anything but this."
Oh, my hearer, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc, or a Sitting Bull savage, or an omnipotent Nana Sahib! No. it is the most merciful and glorious and wise Being in all the universe. You cannot teach Omnipotence anything. You have fretted and worried almost enough, Do you not

think so? Some of you are making your-selves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. Here is a naval architect, and he draws our the plan of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done, and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, that vessel is launched for Southampton. At that time a lad six years of age comes running down the dock with a toy boat which he has made with his own jackknife, and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yours. Just look at this jibboom and these weather cross jack braces," and he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar

of laughter on the docks.

Ab, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million tonned, ocean destined, eternity bound. That little boat is your life as you are trying to hew it out and fashion it and launch it. Ah, do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcles, just the cross that it is best for you to have. He knows what kind of grain you are, and He sends the right kind of thrashing machine. It will be a rod or staff or iron wheel just according as you are fitches or cummin or corn.

staff or iron wheel just according as you are fitches or cummin or corn.

Again, my subject teaches us that God keepstrial on us until we let go. The farmer shouts "whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain has dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw, and he sees that the straw has let go the grain and the grain is thoroughly threshed. So God. Smiting rod and turnism stable the straw as as soon as we let go. ing wheel both cease as soon as we let go. We hold on to this world with its pleasures and riches and emoluments, and our knuckles

and riches and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on forever. God comes along with some thrashing trouble and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter and so many thousand miles in circumference, and we said, "Oh, my, what a world!" Troubles came in after life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and that trouble sliced off another part of the world, and it has got to be a smaller world, and in some of your estimations a very insignificant world, and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent, off, fifty per cent, off, and there are those here who would not give ten cents for this world—for the entire world—as a soul possession.

possession.

We thought that friendship was a grand thing. In school we used to write compositions about friendship, and perhaps we tions about friendship, and perhaps we made our graduating speech on commencement day on friendship. Oh, it was a charmed thing. But does it mean as much to you as it used to? You have gone on in life, and one friend has betrayed you, and another friend has misinterpreted you, and another friend has neglected you, and friendship comes now sometimes to mean to you merely another ax to grind!

So with money. We thought if a man had a competency he was safe for all the future, but we have learned that a mortgage may be defeated by an unknown previous incumbrance; that signing your name on the back of a note may be your business death warrant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day

rant; that a new tariff may change the current of trade; that a man may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow. And God, by all these misfortunes, is trying to loosen our grip, but still we hold on. God smites us with a staff, but we hold on. And He strikes us with a rod, but we hold on. And Hesends over us the iron wheel of misfortune, but we hold on. There are men who keep their grip on this world until the last moment who suggest to me the condition and conduct of the poor Indian in the boat in the Niagara rapids coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got

dian in the boat in the Niagara rapids coming on toward the fall. Seeing that he could not escape, a moment or two before he got to the verge of the plunge he lifted a wine bottle and drank it off and then tossed the bottle into the air. So there are men who clutch the world, and they go down through the rapids of temptation and sin, and they hold on to the very last moment of life, drinking to their eternal damnation as they go over and go down.

Oh, let go! Let go! The best fortunes are in heaven. There are no absconding cashiers from that bank, no falling in promises to pay. Set your affections on things above, not on thing on the earth. Let go! Depend upon it that God will keep upon you the staff, or the rod, or the iron wheel until you do let go.! Another thing my text teaches us is that Christian sorrow is going to have a sure terminus. My text says: "Bread corn is bruised because he will not be ever thrashing it." Blessed be God for that. Pound away, O fiail. Turn on, O wheel? Your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever thrashing it." Now the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet. But after awhile he will put the last dirge into the portfolio forever. So much of us as is wheat will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no need of pounding.

They never ery in heaven because they have nothing to cry about. There are no

They never cry in heaven because they have nothing to cry about. There are no tears of bereavement, for you shall have your friends all round about you. There are no tears of poverty because each one sits at the King's table and has his own charlot of salvation and free access to the wardrobe where princes get their array. Notears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias on the air, and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life, and no crutch for the lame limb, and no splint for the broken arm, but the and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the

and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall, or our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

In that land the souls will talk over the different modes of thrashing. Oh, the story of the staff that struck the fitches, and the rod that beat the cummin, and the iron wheel that went over the corn! Daniel will describe the lions, and Jonah leviathans, and Paul the elmwood whips with which ne was scourged, and Eve will tell how aromatic Eden was the day she left it, and John Rogers will tell of the smart of flame, and Elijah of the fiery team that wheeled him up the sky steeps, and Christ of the numbness and paroxysm and hemorrhages of the awful crucifixion. There they are before the throne of God. On one elevation all those who were struck of the staff. On a higher elevation all those who were struck of the rod. On a highest elevation, and amid the highest altitudes of heaven, all those who were under the wheel. He will not ever be thrashing it.

Oh, my hearers, is there not enough salve in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say to it. "Now, it will soon feel better." And this is what God says when He unbosoms all the trouble in the hush of this great promise. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." You may leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will wear black; you will wear white. Cypresses for them, palms for you.

You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? Is this heaven? Am I so pure now I will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that my loved one I put sway lato darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emactated in the back room on that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are!

I thought when I left the world below. Min-isters drew pictures of this land, but how tame compared with the reality! They told tame compared with the reality. They do me on earth that death was sunset. No, no! It is sinrise? Glorious suarise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day."

Then the gates of heaven will be opened.

and the entranced soul, with the acuteness and power of the celestial vision, will look ten thousands of miles down upon the bannered procession—a river of shimmering splender—and will cry out, "Who are they?" And the angel of God standing close by will And the angel of God standing close by will say, "Don't you know who they are?" "No." says the entranced soul, "I cannot guess who they are." The angel will say "I will tell you, then, who they are. These are they who came out of great tribulation, or thrashing, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Oh, that I could administer some of these

drops of celestial anodyne to those nervous drops of celestial anodyne to those nervous and excited souls. If you would take enough of it, it would cure all your pangs. The thought that you are going to get through with this after awhile—all this sorrow and all this trouble. We shall have a great many grand days in heaven, but I will tell you which will be the grandest day of all the million ages of heaven. You say, "Are you sure you can terme?" Yes, I can. It will be the day we get there. Some say heaven is growyou can terme? ter. Year. It will be the day we get there. Some say heaven is growing more glorious. I suppose it is, but I do not care much about that. Heaven now is good enough for me.

History has no more gratulatory cana than the breaking in of the English army upon Lucknow, India. A few weeks before

a massacre had occurred at Cawnpore, and 260 women and children had been put in a room. Then five professional butchers went in and slew them. Then the bodies of the slain were taken out and thrown into a well. As the English army came into Cawnpore they went into the room, and, oh, what a horrid scene! Sword strokes on the wall near the door, showing that the poor things had crouched when they died, and they saw also that the floor was ankle deep in blood. The soldiers walked on their heels across it lest their shoes be submerged of the carnage. And on that floor of blood there were flowing locks of hair and fragments of dresses.

Out in Lucknow they had heard of the massacre, and the women were waiting for the same awful death, walting amid anguish untold, waiting in pain and starvation, but waiting heroically, when one day Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David

waiting heroically, when one day Havelock and Outram and Norman and Sir David Baird and Peel, the heroes of the English army—huzza for them!—broke in on that horrid scene, and while yet the guns were sounding, and while cheers were issuing from the starving, dying people on the one side and from the travel worn and powder blackened soldiers on the other, right there in front of the king's palace there was such a scene of handshaking and embracing and hoisterous joy as would utterly confound the pen of the poet and the pencil of the painter. And no wonder, when these emaciated women, who had suffered so heroically for Christ's sake, marched out from their incarcerations one wounded English soldier got up in his fatigue and wounds and leaned against the wall and threw his cap up and shouted, "Three cheers, my boys, for the brave women!"

brave women!"

Oh, that was an exciting scene! But a gladder and more triumphant scene will it be when you come up into heaven from the conflicts and incarcerations of this world, streaming with the wounds of battle and won with hunger. And while the hosts of God are cheering their great hosanna you will strike hands of congratulation and eternal deliverance in the presence of the throne. On that night there will be bonfires on every hill of heaven, and there will be illumination in every palace, and there will be a candle in every window. Ah, no; I forget, I forget. They will have no need of the candle or of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hall, and they shall reign forever and ever. Hall, hall, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty!

VIRGINIA ITEMS.

The Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State.

MACK RYAN, the night Baltimore and Ohio yard engineer at Fair nont, W. Va., was badly crushed about the h'p. His engine was detached from the train and he was oiling it, and attempting to pass between the tender and cars, and engine at the other end of the train suddenly pushed the train, catching

REV. DR. M. S. DULIN, a distingui-hed educator, died recently at his home in Westford, Mo. He was born in Fairfax county, in 1821. In 1839 he professed religion and was baptized into the fellowship of Calvert Street Baptist Church, Raltimore.

Ir is stated that Northern capitalists have bought of the heirs of Gen. B. nj. F. Butler all the property he possessed in the vicin'ty of the Great Fall of the Potomac, with the view of erecting a summer resort on the most suitable piece.

JUDGE NORTON has selected Mr. John D. H. Lunt as the successor of Mr. M. B. Harlow in the office of city treasurer of Alexandria, when the latter's resignation takes effect on the 1st of September.

MR. JAMES E. CLEMENTS has been appointel county superintendent of schools for the county of Alexandria, vice John E. Febrey, decemsed.

THE Odd-Fellows of V.rginia propose to erect in Richmond a splendid temple and for that purpose a company is being formed. PROF. ADDISON HOGE, of the University of M'ssissippi, has been elected to the char of

Greek in Washington and Lee University. The corner stone of the new Prince William county courthouse was laid at Manussas with Masonic ceremonies.

A FIRE at Hampton greatly damaged Lake's brick building, on Queen street, occupied as a shoe store on the first floor, furniture factory on the second floor, and lodge room of Kecoughtan Lodge, K. of P. on the third floor. The Junior Order United American Mechanics, Ancient Order United Work men, and the Junior Order Good Tempiars Lodges also meet on the same floor, and lost nearly all of their furniture and paraphernalia. The Pythians were partly insured. The goods on the first and second floors were

a total loss. MR. JAMES L. DOGGETT, of McKinley Tex., who has been appointed by President Cleveland collector of internal revenue for the fourth district of that State, is a native of Fredericksburg.

PROF. N. T. LUPTON, of the Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College, whose death has been announced, was a native of Frederick county.

Rev. J. Augustin Smith, assistant rector of Moore Memorial Church, Richmond, has accepted a call to a church in Kentucky. THE Lynchburg Cotton Mills filled an or

der from a New York firm for 250,000 yards of goods.

Moses Levy, a resident of Norfolk, was awakened early the other morning to find a strange man standing at his bedside, with a fine gold watch, the property of Mr. Levy, in his hand. Levy grabbed his pistol, which he kept under his pillow, and jumped to the floor. The thief turned and the two men grappled, beginning a struggle for life and liberty. In a few minutes the stranger broke away and started downstairs and Levy fired one shot, which struck the man's chin. Levy followed downstries, fired another shot, which misse I. The two men again grappled, when Levy placed the pistol at the stranger's back and fired, the ball entering the left side near the spine, between the shoulder blades, lodging in the right side. At this point the officers entered and took charge of the burglar, who proved to be Thomas K. Farley, a eigarmaker from Richmond, about twenty years of age, and took him to the stationhouse in the patrol wagon.

PEYTON L. TERRY, president, Samuel W. Johnson, secretary and treasurer, of the Roanoke Trust, Loan and Safe Deposit Company, and W. Frank Carr, general manager of the Roanoke Street Railway Company and Electric Light and Power Company, went to Salem to meet a committe of the city council for a conference with a view to extending the street railway through that city to Lake Spring. If council makes the proper concessions the extension will be made at once. ROANOKE county will have eighty school

teachers at the school of methods to convene at Salem June 26th. MRS. "STONEWALL" JACKSON, who resides at Charlotte, N. C., has been presented with a sprig of kyy from Mart'n Luther's grave, which she intends placing on her husband's

burial place at Lexington. L. H. Holcombe, of Roanoke, died aged

PINKNEY IN JAIL.

The Ecaped Maryland Murderer Recap ured by the Officers. William Pinkney, the colored murderer who escaped from jail more than three weeks

ago, was recaptured near Mariboro'. He is under sentence along with Barber, also colored, to hang June 30th, for the murder of Francis H. Bowie. A reward of \$750 was offered for Pinkney's capture.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BUTTERMILK WILL BLEACH CLOTHES, Buttermilk has several summer uses. It is a cooling beverage. It is an ex-cellent wash for sunburned hands and faces. And it will bleach clothes. Soak them for several days in buttermilk, then wash, boil and blue in the usual way. After the beiling the clothes will be of the traditional snowy whiteness. -New York World.

HOW TO MAKE MEALY POTATOES.

Pare the raw potatoes and let them stand an hour or so in a basin of water, to which a pinch of salt has been added. Boil quickly; when done drain off the water carefully, and replace the potatoes upon the stove in the same vessel in which they were cooked to dry for five or ten minutes. When ready to serve take each potato and squeeze it gently, but not enough to destroy the form, in a dry napkin, and place immediately on the table. The squeezing in the napkin takes out all the water, and leaves the potatoes that were before wet and heavy, dry, mealy and delicious.

CLEANSING OF BRUSHES AND SPONGES. How many mothers and nurses neg-

lect this important duty! writes a correspondent. Once a mother was directing a new nursemaid in the duties of the nursery, and when she told her about the cleansing of brushes and sponges used by the children, the girl exclaimed: "Well, marm, this is a new-fashioned idea; I never heard of it before, and I have lived out many years in first-class families, too; what is the need of it? Ain't these things used in water every day?" It was only by talking about this matter every week that the mother could make this nurse attend to this simple duty.

Brushes should never be kept in a close box or drawer, for they will always have an unpleasant odor. Wire brush racks, with a top cover of any pretty material, are very nice things to hang up in the nursery over the

A KITCHEN MEMORANDUM.

Nothing conduces more towards smooth-running household machinery than for the one who does the daily marketing to find a list of wants ready to her hand each day. Alas, for the housekeeper who trusts to her own or her cook's brains to supply this at a moment's notice. Something is sure to be forgotton, and at the wrong time eggs or sugar or butter or spice will be wanting. A little contrivance that will be found useful is made of a small slate. Paste three strips of brown paper on one side, and on these print nicely a list of all necessary household articles or materials. When you think of one that needs replenishing make a mark on the slate opposite it. Fasten a sharpened slate pencil by a bit of picture wire to the right hand corner. You can make it as ornamental as you choose with a can of enamel. Instead of pasting on strips of paper rule the spaces and give the slate three coats of white enamel inside the lines; then print the list on these spaces with a tiny brush and black or red paints. Enamel the frame and fasten a small brass screw hook in it to hang it up by .-New York World.

RECIPES. Cheese Salad-Wash, drain and dry one head of lettuce. Arrange in a salad bowl, sprinkle with one-quarter pound Edam cheese broken in tiny pieces, and dress with a French dressing made with four tablespoonfuls oil, two of vinegar, one saltspoonful salt and one-quarter saltspoonful pepper. Wash the lettuce in ice water and dry on a towel without crushing the leaves Set in ice box close to the ice, to be cold at time of using. Unless the lettuce is dry the dressing will not cling

Chicken With Tomatoes-Put two spoonfuls of butter, dripping or lard in a large stew pan; when very hot add two medium sized onions sliced thinly and three tomatoes cut in slices or dice; let all fry for a few moments and then add two tender chickens cut up as for a frieassee and rolled in flour; nearly cover with hot water and let them cook slowly until half cooked, when a pint of potatoes, cut in dice, and half a pint of mushrooms are added; mushrooms may be omitted;

cook slowly. Scraped Beef Sandwiches-For these sandwiches a piece of rump steak is preferable. Scrape with a sharp knife the requisite quantity; season with a small quantity of cayenne pepper and considerable salt, mixing thoroughly with a knife; slice the bread as thin as possible; cut off the crusts, and having spread with beef, cut into dainty bits of different shapes, and serve on a napkin. Some invalids prefer the taste of toasted bread. In that case, slice the bread a trifle thicker, and when the sandwiches are made, toast the other sides quickly and lightly.

Prune Pie-Cover the desired amount of prunes with water and soak over night; in the morning drain. Have a dish lined with pie crust, fill with the prunes, sprinkle over four tablespoonfuls of sugar and tablespoonful of lemon juice. Cover with an upper crust and bake in a moderately quick oven for thirty minutes. The moisture of the prunes should blend with the sugar and form a syrup. If the prunes are hard, they may require a little cooking before going into the pie, but if they are soft, you will find the pie richer if put at once into the crust. The lemon juice must be added, or the pie will be

A Curious Timekeeper.

The islanders of the South Pacific have no clocks. They have a curious timekeeper of their own. Taking the kernels of the nut of the candle tree they wash them and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. This is placed in an upright position and the upper kernel is lighted. As all kernels are of the same size and substance they each burn a certain number of minutes, setting fire to the kernel below. The natives tie bits of bark cloth along the string at regular intervals to mark the divisions of time. - New York Mail and Express.

Miss Sallie Pierson, a compositor, has been appointed State Organizer of the Federation of Labor for Indiana. She has supported herself and mother by type setting since she was sixteen years of age.

A VILLAGE OF FARM HOUSES. The European System of Agricultural Life

Will Be Tried in Georgia An experiment is to be tried in Georgia as the result of recent discussion by the local press which has been very suc-cessful in parts of Europe. This is to build farm houses in a group as a center of the farms lying about. Already a tract of land twenty-five miles square has been acquired at Floyd Springs, Floyd County, and a company organized to control the experiment. The causes which have led to the adoption of this system are deep-sected and fareaching. For years felonious assaults have been on the increase in the South. and it has come to the pass that piudent men dislike to leave their families unprotected on isolated farms while they are at some distance away at work. The chief cause is the depression in agriculture resulting from the present system of insufficient culture over a wide area. The idea is to substitute extensive farming and sell the surplus

An equally important cause is the lack of social facilities on widely separated farms, especially during the winter months, when the roads are often very bad. Thus, on a tract twentyfive miles square, there would be 160 farms of 100 acres each, and as many families situated at a village in the center of the tract, where they would have all the advantages of urban life, with schools, churches, a postoffice, stores, etc., and at the same time no man would be further than two miles from his farm, and could easily reach it in twenty-five minutes. Thus all the monotony of rural life would be avoided, while practically all of its freedom would be retained.

Similar movements are in process of formation in other parts of the State, and from what can be seen this new phase of rural life is likely to extend throughout the Southern States. It will have a great effect upon crops, and is likely to curtail the production of cotton and increase grain-growing, fruit-growing and a variety of agricultural and horticultural industries. It is part of the Floyd County scheme to establish a canning factory for the preservation of the fruit raised.

Bunyan's Pilgrim in a New Role. Those who are familiar with Bunyan's immortal allegory will thoroughly ap-preciate the following: An auctioneer was selling a library at auction. He was not very well read in books, but he scanned the titles, trusted to luck and went ahead. "Here you have," he said, "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; how mutch'm I offered for it? How much do I hear for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan? 'Tis a first-rate book, gentlemen, with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the Pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, an' where they landed, and what they done after they landed! Here's a picter of one of 'em going about Plymouth peddlin', with a pack on his back."



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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

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in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The export of frozen mutton is becoming one of New Zealand's chief industries. The export of frozen beef has been declining of late years, but that of mutton has largely increased. There are now twenty-one ireezing establishments in the colony with a capacity not far short of 4,000,000 sheep a year. Nearly all the frozen meat exported from New Zealand and Australia goes to England. A new storehouse recently built on the Thames in London has capacity of 200,000 carcasses. New Zealand exports about twice as much mutton as does Australia.

To Make Excellent Cologne.

Into one pint of spirits of wine put half an ounce of camphor, two drachms of ambergris, six drachms of oil of civet and six drachms of oil of bergamot. Cork up tight and shake every morning and night for a couple of weeks. Then filter, and it is ready for use.



All other baking powders are shown by the latest United States Government Report to be inferior to the Royal in both Purity and Strength.

(See Bulletin 13, Chemical Division of U.S. Agricultural Dept.)



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